

Is This a Good Idea?

by Little Ceaser's

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Summary: The Assassins of Berk have more than just Templars to worry about. Lot's of AUing, although mostly modern and descendent family stuff. The first chapter has been rewritten please check that out.

## 1. Welcoming

**\*\*Hi I'm back, and I'm trying to rewrite this story so it's not as bad as it used to be. Please enjoy and review.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><em>This is Berk. It's twelve days north of Hopeless and just shy of Freezing to Death. It's located solidly on the Meridian of Misery.<em>

A small island sat in the middle of the ocean. A huge mountain was directly in the center. Far out in front of it were two ancient lighthouses, shaped like Vikings and carved out of stone. Both had huge fires burning in their mouths. A small city made in levels sat on the beach with a large port. Two guards were patrolling the front of a warehouse right on the docks.

\_The city has been here for over seven generations, but all the buildings are new, down to the last board. It is, in one word, sturdy. We have hunting, fishing, and a charming view of the sunset and less . . . savory activities when it goes down.\_

"Can you help me? I'm a little lost." The two guards jumped. A teenager walked up to them, hands in his pockets.

"What're you doin' out here kid?" The first asked. Like most Berkians, he looked like a bear, as did the other guard. They wore a ramshackle uniform of a green coat that went to just above their knees, dark pants, brown boots, brown shirt and a plain brown ball cap.

\_My name is Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third. It's not the worst name around here.\_

"I said I'm lost." He answered. An arrow sprouted from the second guard's chest. Before the first could move, the teen took a step forward, grabbed his shoulder and stabbed him in the gut. The guard crumpled to his knees, dead.

\_And that's Connor Kenway.\_

"Not bad." A much broader teen appeared out of the shadows, a wooden bow in hand. He had a leather quiver of arrows strapped to his back and a tomahawk along with a .38 revolver tucked into his belt. He wore a camouflage hoodie, grey fingerless gloves and brown cargo pants. A small braid came from under his hood.

\_The thing is; I occasionally take part in those unsavory activities.\_

The teen that came up to the guards was shorter than him, almost eye level. He wore a fur vest that had a hood sewed onto it. He had a green long-sleeved shirt under it, as well as brown pants and work boots. A bowie knife and a nine-millimeter pistol hung from his belt. Both wore bracers on their forearms.

"Let's pop the door open." Connor said and dropped to one knee to pick the lock. Hiccup nodded and turned around to make sure that no one came up on them. Neither noticed the dark silhouette flying over them. They moved quietly through the warehouse taking care of the few guards without a fight. In the back they found a crate with the word **\*\*FRAGILE \*\***burnt into it.

"Is that it?" Hiccup asked.

"Probably." Connor walked over to the crate and examined the lock.

"Can I pick this one?"

"No." In one smooth motion, Connor raised his fist and punched the lock off.

"Why couldn't I do it?" Hiccup put his hands on his hips and whined without shame. Connor threw a glance over his shoulder and sighed.

"You realize you look like an angry toddler when you do that right?" Hiccup shrugged. Connor sighed again and then used the blade of his tomahawk to pry open the container. When the top came off there was nothing but straw. Connor frowned and dug around in it to find a metal container about the size of a lunch box. The two boys grinned.

"Mission accomplished!" Hiccup said happily and did a small victory dance. Connor chuckled.

"Come on; let's get to the homestead to open it." They began to trek uphill heading toward the outskirts of the city.

\_But honest to God, what might be the worst part of this whole thing are the pests.\_

\_Swoosh!\_

\_Some places get mice or mosquitoes.\_

Hiccup paused, "did you hear that?" He asked. Connor frowned.

"Hear what?"

\_We getâ€¦!\_

"\*\*DRAGONS\*\*!" Somewhere in the lower levels there was a shout from the loudspeaker. In the blink of an eye, the city came alive. People poured out of buildings, strapping armor on over pajamas, most wiping sleep from their eyes.

\_Most people would leave, not us. We're the great soldiers of Berk, we have . . . stubbornness issues.\_

A round fat dragon flew the air with a man slamming the butt of his gun into the thing's face, before getting thrown to the ground.

\_Correction, we don't back down for shit.\_

As the two ran down the street there were numerous shouts directed their way.

"Wot are ya doin' out 'ere?"

"Get back inside!" The pair weaved through the people, passing a mountain of a man calmly picking his ear. They were about to cross a road, except Hiccup was waylaid. A huge man snatched him up and dangled him in the air. His huge red beard covered most of his chest, and he had an enormous flak jacket that looked like armor plating on under it, with large bracers on his wrists, military fatigue pants and heavy brown boots. A massive revolver hung from a belt that was as wide as Hiccup's head while the pistol grip of a shot gun peeked over his shoulder. Deep green eyes glared at Hiccup from under a steal-plated hat with gold trim that could stop a thirty aught-six round.

"What is \_he \_doing outside? Jamming his face in Hiccup's he thundered"get inside boy!"

\_That's Commander Stoick. Leader of everything that has to do with everything here. They say that when he was 8 he blew a dragon's head off its shoulders. Do I believe it?\_

Stoick picked up a wheelbarrow and launched it one-handed at a dragon resembling a chicken, trying to make off with a sheep.

\_I sure as hell do.\_

"What have we got?" he asked a soldier hiding behind a barricade

"Gronkles, Nadders, Zipplebacks. Oh! And Steve saw a Monstrous

Nightmare." Stoick was calmly looking up into the sky when a fire ball hit not twenty feet from them. Stoick didn't move a muscle except to absent mindedly flick an ember off his shoulder while the soldier ducked.

"Any Night Furies?" the larger man rumbled.

"None so far."

"Good."

A pair of huge automatic spotlights lit up as Hiccup and Connor passed them, revealing dozens of dragons flying through the air. They dove into a store with the words \_Gobber's Guns and Body Shoppe\_ painted on the large sign in front of it. \_Inside a man almost as big as Stoick was calmly tightening the bolts on a Humvee's tire. He had a huge blond mustache hanging to his chest with a matching uni-brow, a serious case of cauliflower ear and a large pebble in his mouth to replace several teeth he lost in a barfight. He wore a brown vest, a yellow grubby shirt and ripped up tan pants. He waved the ratchet that was replaced his left hand and stood on a peg leg. He wore the same hat slash that Stoick did, along with a row of short spikes down the middle like a mohawk.

"Ha! Nice of ya ta join the party! I thought ya had ta get him away from a dragon Connor!" Hiccup shrugged off his own vest and pulled an apron on before replacing a grenade launcher on the rack.

"Who me? Oh come on I am way too muscular for their taste. They wouldn't know what to do with all-l-l this." Hiccup motioned to himself, flexing barely there muscles.

"Weel they \_toothpicks\_ don' they?" The big man chuckled. With a grunt Connor heaved a large crate full of magazines onto the table.

"Toothpicks?" Connor asked "you mean floss."

\_The meat head with an attitude and interchangeable is Gobber. I've worked for him since I was little, wellâ€¦ little-er. Connor works here whenever training doesn't stop him.\_

"We move to the lower defenses. We'll counter attack with the heavy guns." Stoick roared to his men as they charged down a ramp. Above them a building exploded.

\_See? Old place plus dragon attacks equals lots and lots of remodeling.\_

"FIRE!" Some old sergeant yelled out in front of Gobber's store slash personal armory. Not twenty seconds later a bright red fire truck with a 50 cal. machine gun stuck to the roof streaked by and skidded to a halt and several teens jumped out.

A huge, beefy, teen wearing a brown shirt that hung to his knees but left his arms free with green pants and the brown boots that were the norm, over his tiny legs and feet. His hatmet was surprisingly small for his head.

\_That's Fishlegs. He's a nice enough guy, just refers to everything

in rpg stats.\_

A powerfully built teen thundered behind Fishlegs with muscles as big as his head. He wore a blue Kevlar vest with even darker blue pants and a yellow v neck shirt that screamed \_I'm a jerk! \_ A large silver belt buckle kept his pants up. A row of studs went through the middle of his hatmet like Gobber's spikes.

\_ Snotlout, my . . . cousin.\_

A boy and a girl were fighting over a hose trying to use it first.

\_The twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut. Also the local psychos. Don't let them corner you. Severe wedgies are certain to follow. And then there's Aveline, Connor's girlfriend. Also an assassin.\_

Aveline, a black girl with three braids that came out from under her honest to god normal hat, jumped on top of the truck and let loose with the 50 cal, she wore a dark shirt with the same bracers that Connor and Hiccup wore.

\_But herâ€|\_

A blonde girl emptied out a bucket into the flames, only to have a large fireball land in the exact same spot. She wore a blue shirt with a Kevlar vest along with strangely tight camouflage cargo pants which were tucked into her boots. Instead of a hatmet, she wore a leather circlet that kept most of her hair out of her face with the exception of her bangs and a large braid went down her back.

"\_Astrid . . .\_" the name came out as a breathy sigh. He watched the teens charge past to start on another building. \_Their job is so much cooler than mine. Well, at least the legal one.\_

"No ya don!" He had started climbing out after them, only to be picked up and hauled back in the building. Hiccup found himself dangling from a pair of channel locks that were replacing Gobber's hand at the moment.

"Oh come \_on\_, let me out \_please\_. I need to make my mark!"

"Oh, you've made plenty o' marks" Gobber rumbled before setting him down, and jabbing him in the chest with the channel locks, "\_all in tha wrong places\_."

"Please? Just two minutes, I'll kill a dragon, my life will get infinitely better, I might even get a date!"

"You can't lift a rocket launcher, and I know you can't shoot one, hell, you can't even throw one of \_these!\_" Gobber waved a small bola around, only to have it snatched out of his hand and thrown at another short, fat dragon by a soldier outside.

"Okay, but \_this\_ will throw it \_for\_ me." Hiccup patted a large cannon like thing in the back of the shop, only to have it go off and smack a soldier out the window in the face, and grazing the back of Connor's head.

"Holy shit!" Connor snapped his head up and glared at the soulless ginger that tried to kill him. "Dude! Watch it!"

"Ya see? This right here is exactly what Ah'm talkin' about!" Gobber gestured furiously at the launcher.

"That was a minor calibration issue!" Hiccup stuttered, trying to defend his precious invention.

"No," Gobber made a final gesture, "if you're going ta get out there," he pointed at the shop window "then you need ta stop all . . . this" he pointed at his assistant. Said assistant was not amused.

"You just pointed to all of me." He muttered, deflating slightly. The hulking mechanic nodded furiously.

"Tha's it! Stop bein' all o' you!" Gobber rumbled. With a grunt, Hiccup drew himself up and rolled his shoulders back.

"You sir, are playing a dangerous game!" Hiccup threatened for all he was worth, while Gobber was just amused, "keeping this much . . . raw . . . manliness contained! There will be consequences!" His voice rose as he spoke. Gobber remained unaffected.

"Ah'll take mah chances. Bazooka. Repair. Now." Tossing said weapon into the boy's arms, Gobber walked off to help Connor with putting ammo crates on the window counter.

One day, I'll get out there. Because killing a dragon is everything around here. A Nadder head will at least get me noticed.

Three brightly colored dragons vaguely resembling chickens destroyed a looking for food. Their long tails whirled in the air and they snapped their beaked mouths in frustration.

Gronkles are tough. Takin' down one of those would definitely get me a girlfriend.

A pair of short, stubby, brown-colored dragons was stealing racks of fish; their wings turning into blurs on their backs as they flew away.

A Zippleback . . . exotic, two heads, but twice the status.

A large, two headed dragon shot gas into a house with one head while the other waited for it to fill before launching a large ball of sparks inside, setting it alight.

"They've found the sheep!" A soldier cried as Stoick tossed his revolver onto the platform of a gun battery.

"Concentrate fire on tha lower banks!" Stoick roared a response as he single handedly turned the battery for aiming.

"Hurry up!" One of the soldiers yelled before firing and taking out Nadder trying to steal a flock of sheep.

And then . . . there's the Monstrous Nightmare. Only the bravest . . . or the dumbest go after one of those.

A large shadow passed over Stoick making, him pause.

\_They have a nasty habit of setting themselves on fire.\_

Stoick looked over the edge of the tower, where a very large and burning muzzle suddenly appeared and snapped at him.

"Reload!" The huge man bellowed, "\_I'll\_ take care of this," before pistol whipping the dragon. The dragon snapped at him again only to be cleanly avoided by the man, when a shriek went through the air making them both pause.

\_But the best trophy out there is the dragon no one has ever seen.\_

In near unison, cries of "Night Fury!" were going through the streets with dragons and soldiers alike diving for cover. A large purple fireball slammed into the battery that Stoick was helping at.

"JUMP!" The commander bellowed. Stoick threw himself into the water and the battery soldiers followed him, barely avoiding the explosion from the firebolt.

\_That thing doesn't steal food, never shows itself, and NEVER misses.\_

A second fireball hit the tower, and the structure collapsed on itself.

\_NO ONE has ever killed a Night Fury. So I'm gonna be the first.\_

"Man the fort, lads. They need me out there!" Gobber thundered as he jammed a grenade launcher into place for his hand and shrugged on a bandolier of shells. He waddled to the door and turned to Hiccup "Stay. Put. There." With a frown, he continued "you know wot Ah mean." Then he looked at Connor, "watch 'im." And with that, he plunged head-first into the fray with a roar.

"Now?" Connor asked.

"Now."

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

"Where the hell are you going lads?" Sven, a lieutenant, rumbled as the teens bounded away from the store.

"Don't worry guys! We'll be right back!" Hiccup yelled over his shoulder as he pushed his launcher-cannon-thing along like a wheelbarrow, while Connor held an M4 in a tight grip, more worried about being attacked by Templars than dragons. Finally, they got to a hill near an old tower, and waited. Connor could hear Hiccup asking for something to shoot at in a whisper. On closer inspection he could see that the cannon-thing had one metal tube with two crossbow looking things on either side of the metal tube. These had strong ropes that could be pulled back with a handle so it could be fired. The shriek of a Night Fury went right through the air and the tower

exploded in purple flames. Hiccup whipped the launcher around and launched off a wild shot.

"Holy shit!" Hiccup pointed like a crazy person "I hit it!" With a shriek, something that looked vaguely dragon shaped fell from the sky.

"Yeah, that's great. Now let's go!" Connor attempted to hurry along the process of getting back to the shop while Hiccup was almost having a nerdgasm.

"Did anyone else see that?" The skinny teen yelled.

**\*\*CRUNCH\*\***

They both turned around to find a Monstrous Nightmare standing on the remains of Hiccup's launcher.

"He did." Hiccup stated the obvious

"RUNNNNNNN!" Connor stated the even more obvious.

On the other side of the island, Stoick was finishing up restraining three Nadders when he heard screaming. He glanced over his shoulder and sighed.

"Do NOT let them escape!"

"Right!"

Hiccup and Connor ran like lunatics dodging fireballs. As one they both dived for cover, Connor behind a barrier, Hiccup behind a spotlight. A huge swathe of flames went over the teens cover. As Hiccup peeked around the light, he did not see the dragon's head come around the other side of the light. Said dragon was tackled by four hundred pounds going eighty miles an hour. The dragon attempted to douse the soldier in flames, but only succeeding at spewing out a small stream of flame. Stoick snarled.

"You're all out." The leader of Berk drew his shotgun from his back and fired it one-handed at the dragon's face. The massive eight gauge slug ricocheted off the extraordinarily thick scales of the dragon's forehead. He then flipped the shotgun end over end, took the barrel, and hit the dragon right in the face with it. Stoick beat the dragon, ending with one massive kick to the face, until it flew away. With a triumphant huff he turned and watched as the supports of the spotlight gave out and revealed Hiccup in all of his unfortunate glory. Both of the red-heads watched as the huge light rolled down the island and exploded, setting loose the three Nadders \_and\_ giving them a nice big bag of sheep to take home.

\_There's one more thing you need to know.\_

"Sorry dad." Stoick did not react, at all. The whole city watched as the dragons flew away, all noticing the bag of sheep. "Okay, but I hit a Night Fury." Without answering Stoick started to haul his son away. "It's like the last few times dad!" Hiccup protested "you guys were busy and I had a good shot! It went down just past Raven Point we could get a search out there-"



"STOP! Just stop." Stoick sighed. Why was his son so goddamn different? \_If only Val was still here . . .\_ he squashed that line of thought, no use for dwelling on the past. "Every time you step outside disaster falls! Can you not see I have bigger problems? Winter is almost here and I have a whole damn city to feed!"

"Well, between you and me, this place could use a little less feeding don't ya think?" This comment made a few of the more, shall we say, \_chunky\_ members pat their huge stomachs.

"This is not a joke Hiccup! Why the hell can't you follow the simplest orders?"

"I can't stop myself! I see a dragon and I have to just kill it ya know?" Stoick sighed and rubbed his forehead with fingers the size of bratwursts.

"You're many things son. But a dragon killer is not one of them. Get back to the house." Stoick looked at Gobber "Make sure he gets there. I have his mess to clean up." With a head slap from the mechanic the two made their way to Hiccup's house on the north side of the city. Connor started to follow but got yelled at instead. "You! Quit encouraging my son to do this shit!" Connor turned and found Stoick's fiery glare meant just for him.

"These things are his whole idea sir; I just go along with them." The commander blinked, clearly not expecting the answer he got.

"Then talk him out of it!" Connor gave a short bark of laughter.

"HA! Good luck!" And he ran down the street after Hiccup and his mentor.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

\_Who calls their cousin a dipshit? \_Astrid wondered as she walked to her house. That was one of the \_terms\_ Snotlout had called Hiccup as he had walked away. That's not counting the digs that Ruff and Tuff said. The twins were essentially Snotlout's goons that held his victims down while Snotlout beat the bejesus out of them. But why Hiccup?

"You should talk to Hiccup." Astrid stiffened and turned as Altair stepped out of the shadows.

"What are you talking about?" She asked. The corners of his mouth twitched faintly and he continued.

"I saw the look you gave him as he walked away with Gobber."

"You weren't even there."

"I see, hear, and know everything that happens on this island." Astrid looked confused, but realized something.

"Not without help." He shrugged

"Aveline told me." She blinked.

"What?"

"Aveline told me." He said it much slower that time, like he was speaking to a child. Astrid frowned.

"What does she care about Hiccup?" A flash of irritation went across Altair's face.

"She is one his closest friends, as am I." Altair glared, which was something that had made even Commander Stoick think twice about crossing him. "He also has a crush on you the size of the whole damn island. If you're going break the poor bastard's heart, make sure to let him down easy and that Aveline doesn't hear you." And with that, he vanished.

**\*\*Tadaaaa! Let me know what you want next.\*\***

## 2. Scribbling

**\*\*I own nothing please review\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup scribbled over the hand drawn map in his notebook, slapped the pencil between the pages and shoved the notebook into his hoodie's pocket. "Some people drop a cell phone in a puddle; some people lose a knife in the mud. No, that's too lucky for me! I manage to lose an entire dragon!" He whipped out a pocket knife and hurled it a tree burying the tip. He walked over to retrieve it and noticed that the tree was snapped <em>in half.<em> Hiccup spun and found a huge ditch leading away from the tree. He jogged down the length of it and found the Night Fury "Hoh boy".

Connor effortlessly followed Hiccup's trail; broken fern here, scuffed moss on rock there, snapped twig here. Achilles was going to have to crack down on this. It was just sloppy, and pitiful. He remembered how the boy just showed up at the Homestead begging for training, said something not needing ridiculous amounts of strength. Achilles outright refused, but Connor took pity on the boy and showed him the basics. He did well in climbing and fighting, he was not very aggressive but learned fast. Eventually Achilles accepted him and trained him in the ways of the Assassins. The story took even longer than it did for Connor because Hiccup wouldn't stop asking questions. At first he had been squeamish around blood during hunting but he got used to it. That in Connor's was the most impressive thing. He had always thought you must be born to be an Assassin, and that was true for Hiccup. Then they got to stealth. Hiccup was hopeless at first, but he got the hang of it eventually being as resourceful as he is. "Whoa" Connor breathed "that's a big ditch". He jogged down the length of it, he also noticed the broken tree at the beginning of it.

\* \* \*

><p>". . . I'm gonna cut your heart out dragon, then I'm gonna take it to my father and become a Berkian!" Hiccup raised his hidden blade above his head to bring it down on the dragon's throat. He tried again. He realized he couldn't do it, he retracted the blade and made to walk off "I did this" he sighed.<p>

"Then cut the poor bastard loose" Hiccup spun and the one on there leaning against a tree was Connor in his camouflage hoodie and dark cargo pants with his bow on his shoulder calmly twirling his tomahawk. Hiccup almost wet his pants.

"I hate it when you do that." Connor snorted.

"You need to work on moving through the forest more" Hiccup groaned knowing what this meant going through the woods trying to shake off a pack of blood hounds and the trainers for a week.

"So what are we going to do with this guy?" Connor asked.

"Like you said, cut the poor bastard loose."

"Is this a good idea?"

Hiccup gave him a look. Connor groaned "Answers that question." Extending their blades they set to work. Neither of them noticed the dragon tense as the rope loosened. When the last one came apart the dragon knocked Connor away and pinned Hiccup to the ground. Praying for a quick death Hiccup slowly opened his eyes when nothing happened only to receive a roar to the face. The dragon then flew off slamming into a tree as it did so.

Hiccup let his breath out while Connor picked himself up off the ground. "We will never speak of this again."

Connor nodded "That sounds about right."

### 3. Plans

**\*\*I own nothing please review at the end of the chapter\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><strong>LATER THAT NIGHT<strong>

"How is this supposed to work out again?" Hiccup asked. For the sixth time. Connor was irritated, to say the least.

"You, me, and Altair cover Ezio as he tails the dude with the chest. When we get to the balcony Ezio finds the Banker and we distract the monkey suits there, or take them out quietly. Ezio gets the banker alone with a business proposal and interrogates him about where Desmond is."

"What if he doesn't talk?"

"We make him talk."

"If you say so."

"I do. This will be easy."

It was about three hours after Connor and Hiccup found the Night Fury. When they got to Connor's house they were told that they had a lead on Desmond's whereabouts. He had been kidnapped by Abstergo a

front for the Templars. But the Assassins take care of their own. They were going to get the idiot back. Preferably, before Lucy killed the four of them.

**\*\*MEANWHILE\*\***

"Either we finish them or they finish us! I intend to find that nest of theirs and destroy it! One more search before the ice sets in." Stoick roared in his deep voice.

"Those ships never come back." Someone yelled. Stoick sighed.

"We're soldiers. It's an occupational hazard." A pause.

"Whoever stays gets to look after Hiccup." Every hand in the Hall shot up.

"I'm with you Stoick!" Spitelout, Stoick's brother roared off to the side.

As the crowd began to disperse Stoick walked over to where Gobber was and sat down.

"Weel, Ah'll go pack me undies." Gobber said about to leave.

"What am I goin' to do with that boy?"

"Put him in dragon trainin'!"

"Don't be ridiculous. The other trainees would kill him."

"You dinnae know that Stoick."

"Yes I do."

"Nae ye don. Listen ta this, he challenged me ta a gam o' darts. Said if'n he won he got the weekend off with pay. If'n Ah won he'd work overtime in the shop. Bein' the courteous gent he was he let me go first. Ah took mah six shots. Guess what happened when Hiccup threw."

"He missed the board entirely." Stoick said in a dry voice. When Gobber started to speak, he held up a hand, "One second" Stoick went to the bar and ordered a beer, then came back, "I'm ready."

Gobber took a sip out of his tankard arm and continued. "Six bull's-eyes." Stoick choked on his drink.

"WHAT! My Hiccup?" Stoick sputtered.

"That son o' yours alright. The only thing Ah could do is peel mah jaw off the ground and give'im the eighty bucks. Ah don know how, but he did it. Mah point is he can hold 'is own with the other teens. Ye can't say much about dragons, but then who can? Ye can't protect 'im, ye can only prepare him. He'll be out there one day, whether ye like it or not. Hell, he's probably out there now."

**\*\*A LITTLE WHILE LATER\*\***

Hiccup pushed his way through the drunken partygoers keeping an eye

on Ezio's back. He felt the floor vibrating to the beat of the sub woofers. Assured that no enemies were close to Ezio, he took a moment to glance out the window and admire the view. It had nothing to do with the half dozen brand new sports cars in the drive way. 2012 Ferrari, 2012 Jaguar, 2012 Maserati, 2012 Mustang, 2012 Camaro, 2012 Aston Martin, 2012 Lamborghini just to name a few. And there was the heated pool with dozens of cocktail waitress with trays. And there was the overpowering thought of \_don't let anyone I know be here, please! \_So far he had been lucky. Three years ago Hiccup would have killed to be at one of Juan Borgia's parties. Right now? Not so much.

"Hey Useless!" God damn it. His idiot cousin Snotlout and his goons Ruffnut and Tuffnut. Hiccup realized his hood was down, damn it again. Hiccup sighed, might as well pretend to be friendly.

"Hey cousin" Hiccup said "what's up"

"I haven't gotten back at you for last week" Great, last week they had gotten into a fight. Hiccup won for the first time in his life against his cousin.

"Come on man this can't be worth it" But Snotlout's fist was already moving.

#### 4. Running and Fighting

Hiccup jumped back to dodge the haymaker that Snotlout threw at him. Snotlout tried again.

"Stay still Useless!" The bigger teen roared. Hiccup said nothing, only waited for an opening. \_No, no, no, no, there! \_When Snotlout over extended himself, Hiccup rushed forward, pounding his cousin's ribs. Snotlout bellowed with anger, and swiped at him. His meaty hand landed in the middle of Hiccup's side knocking him away. Hiccup scrambled to his feet and blocked to haymakers with his forearms, then he cupped his palms and clapped Snotlout's ears. Instinctively Snotlout covered his ears only to have Hiccup punch him in the triangle, doubling him over. Hiccup rammed an uppercut into Snotlout's noise, sending him to the floor. He reached up with both hands and pulled his hood up. No sooner had he done that he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"If you are done showing off, we need to go." Altair hissed in his ear.

"What's up?"

"Ezio tripped the alarm; the guards are looking for us."

"Great." Hiccup sighed. Ezio and Connor shouldered their way through the crowd.

"We need to leave" Connor said.

"I got that."

"Why aren't you moving!?"

"There they are!"

Connor pulled his collapsible tomahawk out of his jacket pocket and extended the handle. Ezio had his sword out. Connor hadn't figured out where he put it yet, not that it mattered now \_slash, lunge, duck, roll, stab, hack, \_was all that was needed. Hiccup pulled a large bowie knife while Altair merely extended his hidden blades.

Ezio gutted one and impaled another through the chest. Connor stepped close to one and brutally hacked at his chest. A huge man stepped towards him about to swing a fireman's ax. Connor rolled out of the way, came up, and stabbed the man through the throat with his hidden blade. Hiccup was fighting up close, hacking and slicing throats. Altair was almost dancing, he used both blades like paint brushes; a thin line of red with each stroke. Soon it was over; no one could stand in front of four Assassins and lived for long. Hiccup sighed.

"Did he talk?"

"Nothing useful" Ezio growled.

"Great" they were all eager to get Desmond back. He was Ezio and Altair's younger brother and Connor's cousin. Hiccup, Desmond and Connor had been friends since kindergarten. They had been the three Musketeers, always stirring trouble and disappearing when it blew up in their faces, sometimes literally. When Connor lost his mother in a fire, Hiccup and Desmond pulled him out of depression, by his ears, kicking and screaming all the way. But eventually their training started pulling them away from people, Hiccup included. All they said was that they were training to fight, not as soldiers but as assassins. When Hiccup's mom died in a dragon raid, he found them and they trained him. Although Achilles was against it all the way through, he got over it.

"Come on let's go" Altair urged. They headed to the garage; cars were a rarity on Berk, dragons had fun blowing them up from the sky.

**\*\*LATER\*\***

After being patched up by the medics at the Homestead, Hiccup went home. He really didn't want to deal with his dad. He carefully climbed through a window and started to make his way up the stairs.

"Son" \_Crap.\_

>"Hi dad." Hiccup sighed.<p>

"I need to speak with you son."

"I need to talk with you to."

"I'm putting you in dragon training."

"I don't want to fight dragons anymore."

"What?"

"What?"

"You go first, son"

"No, no you go first."

"Alright son you get your wish you're now in dragon training." \_Crap again.\_

"Oh man I should have gone first, uh . . . dad have you ever noticed how we have a crap load of soldiers. You think we could have a few contractors or bakers here?"

"You'll need this." Stoick jammed a shotgun into his son's arms.

"I don't want to fight dragons, dad."

"Sure ya do"

"No I don't."

"But ya will."

"I highly doubt it."

"Son, when you carry this gun, you carry all of us with you. So you walk like us, you talk like us, you think like us. So you are going man up and learn how to fight dragons. UNDERSTOOD?"

"This conversation is feeling really one sided-"

"UNDERSTOOD?"

"Ugh, yes dad."

"Good." Stoick picked up a backpack and his helmet.

"We're going out on another hunt. I'll be back, maybe."

"And I'll be here, probably." The big man nodded and headed out the door.

**\*\*THE NEXT DAY\*\***

"Welcome ta dragon trainin!" Gobber bellowed. Being the combat trainer he stayed behind to train the new class to recruits.

"I'm wanna get some serious burns." Said Tuffnut.

"I'm hoping for mauling, like, on my shoulder or lower back" His sister added her two cents; that was all they had.

Hiccup and Connor walked quietly behind the group.

"Psychos" Connor muttered under his breath, Hiccup chuckled.

"Yeah, it's only fun if you get a scar out of it." Said Astrid, maybe she was sarcastic, maybe not.

"Amen to that!" said Connor. Hiccup smirked and decided to play along

"Totally, right" he paused and they all turned "pain, love it!"

"Can I get transferred to the class with the cool people in it?" Snotlout asked. The twins laughed. The larger group walked to the center of the ring with Snotlout and the twins kept talking while Fishlegs and Astrid stayed silent, he was scared out of his mind but she was calm and ready. As they walked in Gobber took Hiccup aside.

"Don't worry Hiccup, you're small so the dragons will see you as weak or insane, and they'll go after the more soldier like teens." Hiccup shrugged. "Let's get started!" The big man hollered as he walked toward the dragon pens.

"In these cages are some of the dragons you'll fight when you're older. The Deadly Nadder. The Hideous Zippleback." Fishlegs had started to rattle off stats for the dragons a mile a minute. "The Terrible Terror. The Monstrous Nightmare." More stats from Fishlegs. At the same time both Connor and Gobber turned to him.

"Will ye stop that!"

"Shut up already!" With a quick glare at Connor, Gobber continued.

"And finally the Gronkle." He put his hand on the door lever.

"Whoa aren't you going to teach us first?" Snotlout yelped.

"I believe in learning on the job!" Gobber pushed the lever down and all hell broke loose.

## 5. Training

The teens scattered.

"Alright, what's the first thing ya need?"

"A doctor?"

"+5 speed?"

"Backup?"

"Backup is helpful, but it's not what Ah'm talkin' about Connor. What ya really need isâ€¦!" He paused and waited for one of the trainees to answer. From across the arena Astrid yelled.

"Flash bangs!"

"Aye, yur most important piece of equipment is the flash bang. If ya get a choice between a flash bang and a gun take the flash bang." Everyone hurtled towards the weapons rack. Connor and Astrid slammed into each other and fell; Hiccup made a running jump and cleared them both. He started to stumble and rolled to make up for it.



"All in the ankles" he hollered over his shoulder. Connor rolled off Astrid and glared at his friend's back.

"Dickhead." He muttered. Astrid punched him on the shoulder. Connor pivoted and without stopping, shoved her with both hands which sent her to the ground. She gasped slightly at the force of the blow. Scraping her hands was merely an annoyance. But she most definitely did not want to get in a fight with Connor. If the rumors were to be believed that while Connor could bench only slightly less Snotlout, Connor had beaten him in 8 out of 10 sparring matches and the two Connor lost could be accounted to injuries.

"Oi, you luvburds break it up! Or ye'll be on paintin' duty." When recruits caused trouble, painting duty was one of the most boring jobs they could get. It entailed painting several dozen batches of flash bangs and watching hours of trainee videos. Troublemakers were expected to have a full page report on each individual recruit \_in each video \_when it was over\_. Only a few had gone insane. Needless to say Astrid and Connor high tailed it to the rack and grabbed handfuls of the things. The twins seemed to be arguing over a specific cluster.

"Get your hands off them!"

"There's like a million of these things." There probably was when you looked at it.

"Take those, they have flowers on them, girls like flowers." Tuffnut said that like it made perfect sense. Ruffnut picked up a cluster and slammed them into Tuffnut's head.

"Oops! Now these ones have blood on them." A blast from the Gronckle at their feet sent them both flying. The teens began throwing flash bangs at the Gronckle which messed up its aim.

"All dragons have a limited number of shots how many does a Gronckle have?"

"Five?" Snotlout asked.

"No, Six!" Fishlegs corrected proudly. A fireball went right over the large teen's head.

"Out, Fishlegs" Terrified, Fishlegs dropped his gun and ran squealing towards the exit. For some ungodly reason Snotlout thought it was a good time to flirt with Astrid.

"I just moved into my parent's basement. I figured you could come over sometime and workout. You look like you workout." While Astrid flipped out of the way of an incoming fireball, Snotlout had it hit him square in the face. As Gobber called out Snotlout, Astrid found herself next to Hiccup and Connor.

"So-o, just us I guessâ€¦" Hiccup started. Astrid noticed the dragon winding up for another fire ball and answered.

"Nope just you." The soldier rolled out of the way while the two assassins paused, confused, giving the Gronckle the split-second it needed to nail Connor in the chest and knock Hiccup's gun out of his hands. Hiccup sprinted after it not paying attention to the Gronckle

unaware that it had started homing in on him from behind. Gobber instantly saw what would happen.

"HICCUP LOOK OUT!" Too late, Hiccup turned around and was pinned to the wall by the Gronckle. Only a few things went through Hiccups mind and it was something along the lines of \_oh shit oh shit oh shit oh shit\_ he leaned his head against the wall exposing his neck. The Gronckle hesitated, but then started to gather a shot in its throat. As it was about to fire Gobber slipped his hook hand in and yanked the dragon's mouth away causing it shoot the wall right above Hiccup's head. He hauled the dragon away by the lip yelling at it.

"Go back ta bed ye overgrown sausage!" He threw it into its pen and yelled "Ye'll get another chance don't ya worry." He headed towards the teens "That it for today class. And remember a dragon will always, \_always,\_ go for the kill." He said looking right at Hiccup.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOO

"So why didn't you?" Hiccup weighed a bola rope in his hands.

"Why haven't I gone for the kill yet? You're still entertaining." Connor said. He leaned against a tree some feet away in front of Hiccup. Hiccup glanced at his friend.

"I hate you sometimes, you know that?"

"Yes, yes I do." Hiccup threw a stick at him, which Connor nonchalantly snatched out of the air. He threw it in the bushes behind him and stood up.

"C'mon we should split up and have a look around." Hiccup nodded. They went their separate ways meandering around in the woods. About five minutes later Hiccup found something that looked liked scales.

"Connor, over here!" He yelled, it took a few minutes for Connor to find Hiccup.

"What's up?" Hiccup nodded to the black things. They picked a few up for a closer look. \_Whoosh!\_ A big black shape went past an opening to what looked a cove. There was a loud clawing sound coming from the rocks above them. They poked their heads through the opening and saw the Night Fury frantically scrambling at the rocks, trying to get in the air. Giving up, the dragon spiraled down to the floor of the cove, and began shooting fireballs into the sky, like it was frustrated.

"Why don't you just fly away?" Hiccup mumbled to himself. He had made a rough sketch of the dragon in his notebook. Connor nudged him.

"Look at his tail, man." Hiccup glanced up and noticed the left fin at the end of the dragon's tail. He quickly made the adjustment to the drawing. Suddenly Hiccup realized something. If he hadn't been so worried about becoming a dragon killing soldier like most of the people on Berk, this wouldn't have happened. But maybe he could make it up to the dragon.

"Hey Connor, I have an idea."

"Are you sure?" Hiccup elbowed his friend . . . and caused a wave of pebbles to rain down on the rocks below them. The dragon instantly knew where they were. The strange trio stayed like that for a second, staring at each other. Until the dragon snorted out its nose and glided over to the other side of the cove. Both Connor and Hiccup let out air they hadn't known they'd been holding.

"Thought we were goners for a minute." Connor said as they walked away from the cove. Hiccup nodded.

"Me too."

"What? Oh, oh yeah we fix the dragon's tail."

"And we do this how?"

"Alright here's what we're gonna need . . ."

## 6. Healing

**\*\*The song Connor and Hiccup sing is owned by Jamba. Google bunny songs to find it.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>"You want me to do <em>what?<em>" Aveline almost yelled. She wasn't really sure if the dynamic duo were serious. Darting a Night Fury? That's insane!

"Jeez, you don't have to shout. We're right here."

"Connor, you're asking me to tranquilize a Night Fury. What if it doesn't work and eats us?" Connor shrugged.

"It's worth a shot."

"A shot at what, death?" Hiccup decided to speak up at this.

"No, a shot at giving the dragon something back. I pulled the trigger on the bola launcher; it's my fault that he can't fly. I'm going to do something about it. You guys don't have to help."

Connor grinned, "You gettin' rid of me that easy. Not after we stole the Shroud. Besides, we could just steal a dart gun and be done with it."

Hiccup shook his head, "It's not worth it, in the long run. Not when we have an experienced blowpipe user with us."

"That's the dumbest excuse I've ever heard." While the two bickered, Aveline realized something.

"What shroud are you talking about?" She asked hoping it wasn't what she thought it was. The color drained out of Connor's as he realized what he said.

"Shroud? What shroud. I didn't say shroud, I said cloud. I don't know where you got shroud from . . ." Connor's voice died at the glare his girlfriend gave him. Hiccup sighed.

"You can't dig your way out of a hole, man. Aveline, yes, we did take the Shroud of Eden but it's for a good cause." Aveline rolled her eyes, this was just like them. As kids before Desmond was kidnapped, whenever the three made harmless pranks that they knew they'd get in trouble for, they disappeared whenever it was over. If someone got hurt because of something they did, the three would move Heaven and Earth to fix it. If that didn't work they'd try to move Hell too. She could see that it didn't matter what she said; they'd go through with it any way. Aveline sighed.

"Alright, but you-" she poked Connor sharply in the chest "owe me, and you-" she glared at Hiccup "will do my homework for the next three weeks." They both nodded.

"Okay, here's the plan-" Hiccup started but Aveline cut him off.

"Uh-uh, we're doing this my way."

"What do you have in mind?" Connor asked slightly worried. Aveline grinned like some kind of She-Devil.

"Don't worry you guys will love it!"

**\*\*A FEW MINUTES LATER, AT THE COVE\*\***

"If we ever do something like this again, we're doing it my way." Connor muttered.

"I have to agree with you man, we should have stolen the dart gun." Hiccup groaned.

"Cheer up, you guys it could be worse. I could be the bait!" Aveline yelled down from a tree over their heads.

"Right now, I think I'd feed her to the Gronckle back in the ring." Connor muttered. Hiccup nodded, they were both dressed in pink bunny costumes. Like the one in A Christmas Story that the kid had. They looked like idiots. The plan was for them to run around in circles until the dragon came out wondering what the hell was going on. Aveline would dart him and the group would cover the dragon with the Shroud. Hopefully this would work, and fix the dragon's tail. If it didn't work, they did the best could.

Above them came a shout "Okay, one, two, three, GO!" Both of them shot out into the cove and began running in circles, singing in ridiculous high pitched voices.

"You are my sweetest love, this love ...  
>I always wanna hug,<br>because I really love you,  
>the world just has to know.<br>I'll do anything for you;  
>there is nothing I wouldn't do.<br>snuggle, cuddle and then hug me,  
  
>with you I always want to be.<p>

la la la la ...

My love is deep and true  
>I'd be lost if not with you<br>So long it would have been  
>If not for you and me<br>I'll do anything for you,  
>there is nothing I wouldn't do.<br>snuggle, cuddle and then hug me,  
  
>with you I always want to be." Around here, the Night Fury came out from behind a rock stared at them like they were idiots. Aveline calmly pulled a dart from her pouch and loaded it into the blowpipe. She took careful aim and fired. The dart flew through the air and hit the dragon in the neck. It gurgled and slowly sank to the ground.<p>

"Alright, enough you can stop singing!" Aveline yelled from the tree. She would never make them sing again. They were terrible. The boys froze and pulled off the costumes like lunatics, and began talking about ways to destroy the two costumes.

"We should light them on fire."

"No, we could put them through the wood chipper."

"Bury them in concrete." Aveline sighed at the theatrics.

"Alright, I'm sorry for making you wear the damn things, okay? Does that make you feel better?" The two boys looked at each other for a second and nodded.

"Now, let's see if this works." Hiccup said, he interlaced his fingers and popped the knuckles. "Time to go to work."

## 7. Learning

\*\*Okay, sorry about the big delay in between chapters. Please enjoy.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>LATER, AT THE COVE<strong>

Hiccup unzipped his vest and threw it on a rock. It was a nice vest with a thin layer fleece on the inside. His mother had given it a couple months before the fire. It had originally been a hoodie but he tore the sleeves off. When he became an Assassin he wore the hood up almost all the time, even though it didn't make any sense. A hood singled you out in a crowd. He glanced over his shoulder at the dragon. The bottom half of its body was covered with white cloth as was the upper part of the head. This left the wings and front legs exposed. Hiccup hoped this worked. In theory, the shroud would help the dragon grow back his tailfin.

Needless to say, none of them were sure it would work. They were testing highly advanced technologies on a race that it hadn't been designed for. They were worried. Hiccup stretched his neck and sighed. Here goes nothing he thought. He trudged over to where the dragon was laying and sat cross legged. He took the Shroud with both hands and waited. Eventually he began to feel buzzing in the back of his mind. He felt himself go rigid and his eyes rolled back in his head. He started to hear a voice, it you could call it

that.

"\_Hello, human"\_ the voice said. It sounded like peace, if peace had a voice.

"Hello" Hiccup said "how is the dragon doing?"

"\_Quite well actually, his tailfin is healing. If that is what you are worried about."\_

"Thank you."

"\_Not to worry. It is my job to heal people."\_ The voice paused. "\_Or dragons, whichever the case may be."\_

"Coming from the bed sheet of death."

"\_You dare insult me?\_"

"No, sorry."

"\_Good."\_"

"Well, when you put it like that . . ." The bickering slowly died. The shroud had helped the Assassins several times since they had found it like; patching up leader's wounds, saving people from certain death, and even healing a deformed baby. The Assassins eventually locked up the Shroud to keep it out of the wrong hands, but it was stolen occasionally. The good thing was that it was always stolen with the best intentions.

"\_It is finished."\_"

"Thank you, again" Hiccup stood up and walked over to the lower part of the shroud and carefully lifted it off the dragon. He then walked over to the upper part and whipped it off the dragons head and darted behind a rock. A few minutes later, the dragon began to move. Eventually the noise stopped. Hiccup peered around the rock and sighed. He tilted his head back to look at the sky and found that the view was blocked by a big black head.

"AAAH!!!" The boy hurtled away and scrambled up the rocks on the side of the cove. When he got to the top he looked back at the dragon. It . . . he looked up at Hiccup with a confused look on his face. Hiccup backed through the entrance of the cove and looked for the cooler they had brought with them. It was a blue Igloo cooler that could hold about 15 gallons. He opened it and grabbed a few fish out of it. He went through the entrance to the cove and looked around, the dragon was gone.

**\*\*ABOUT 30 MINUTES EARLIER\*\***

Connor and Aveline were holding hands as they walked through the woods. It was one of those "improvised" dates that Connor had a tendency of doing. Aveline didn't care, she thought it was sweet. It was better than eating in a fancy restaurant with the food being expensive and Connor, being the gentleman he was would pay for it. He did it to be courteous, even though Aveline could just about buy out the entire place. She was born to a rich family. Her father was a French businessman, while her mother was a black woman that had lived

at Berk her entire life. She was a proud citizen and she used a knife as a gun to defend her home. Aveline's had slowly earned his at Berk and became a surprisingly good soldier. Everyone at Berk could shoot a gun it was a way of life there.

Suddenly they heard marching sounds, a sergeant was calling the step and there was the occasionally a clattering sound from someone hitting their gun against their equipment. Not wanting a fight, as the patrol was most likely under the employ of the Borgia or Pitcairn, and investigate, if not attack them on sight, they dived into a bush. They as ten soldiers, all men, went by in Borgia colors, a silver flak jacket, a combat helmet with a red stripe down the middle, red pants and brown boots. Connor had drawn his tomahawk and was fingering the blade.

"That was close." He said quietly, when the patrol was down the road quite-a-ways, "can't believe I forgot this was a patrol route." He berated himself. She gently touched his arm.

"It's alright, you can't remember everything." Aveline said gently. He made a negative noise, but shrugged. On an unspoken agreement they climbed into the trees, and set off back to the cove.

**\*\*WITH HICCUP\*\***

The dragon was stubborn, to say the least. While he had undoubtedly learned something about Hiccup, the dragon didn't trust him at all. After he walked into the cove, it looked like the dragon had left. He did a quick search, but when he was about to leave, he found the way blocked by a curious Night Fury.

The dragon raised now healed tail to at it; he glanced between it and Hiccup. Then back again. The teen raised the fish and took a step closer to the dragon, but stopped when the dragon growled at him. He seemed to stare at Hiccup's wrists.

It took him a second to figure it out, but he understood. The dragon knew about the blades. Hiccup laid the fish, a nice fat cod, down on the ground and detached the blades and threw them over to the entrance of the cove, carefully remembering where the knives fell. He repeated the process with the bowie knife. The dragon, who had up until this point been a fighting stance, sat up and his pupils dilated. He glanced back and forth between Hiccup and the fish. Hiccup took a step forward, this time the dragon did nothing. They covered the distance slowly, cautiously, until they were right in front of each other. Hiccup felt the dirt give a little under his back foot as he put more weight, in case he needed to back up quick. The dragon noticed this, but did nothing. Hiccup held out the fish, and the dragon opened his mouth to reveal a set of pink gums along with a forked tongue.

"Toothless? I could'a swore you had-" teeth extended from the dragon's gum, and he snatched the fish out of Hiccup's hands. "Teeth." Hiccup finished, "you're toothless" he said to himself. Suddenly Toothless, as he decided to call the dragon, shoved him with the top of his head.

"Uhhhh I-I don't have any more" the teen stuttered, but the dragon simply pushed him again, this time Hiccup fell on his rear. Toothless kept advancing while the teen scooted away until he backed into a

rock, at this, they stopped. The ebony dragon began convulsing, the muscles in his short neck contracting and relaxing, until he coughed up a mucus-covered, stinking fish.

"That isn't gross at all" Hiccup thought to aloud. The dragon sat back on his haunches, and they sat like that for a minute, staring at each other; until the dragon began to smack his lips.

"What? Are you serious?" The dragon glanced between the teen and the fish. "Great" he raised the fish up to his lips, and took a bite. It tasted like ass, not to mention the slimy, scaly texture as it went down his throat. Hiccup raised a fist to his lips to keep from throwing up, then, he thumped his chest so the meat would go down. The teen shuddered and smiled weakly at the dragon it front of him. To his amazement the dragon began to copy the movement, although it was slow and jerky.

Hiccup raised a hand to touch the dragon's nose. Before his hand got with a foot of Toothless' nose, the dragon's eyes contracted and he snarled at Hiccup's hand. He then backed up and flew up to the lip of the cave to look down at Hiccup. The teen sighed, it was going to be a long day.

**\*\*SEVERAL HOURS LATER\*\***

After numerous attempts to touch the dragon, Hiccup was taking a well deserved break and drawing next to the pond with a stick. He had also got a good look around the cove; the walls were made of irregular stone and a patchwork of moss and lichen. The pond in the center was roughly circle shaped with an outlet that ran to the left of the entrance. Directly opposite of the entrance was a large tree, right now the Night Fury was hanging upside down by his tail like a bat. Hiccup sat with his back to the dragon on an old log. Connor and Aveline were both against the wall with the entrance. Well Connor was, Aveline was more sitting on Connor than against the rock.

Hiccup had just finished a picture of the couple and erased it with a few kicks of his foot. Now, he was drawing Toothless' head. Suddenly he could feel the dragon behind him, and he decided to hurry up with the drawing. As he finished the eyes which completed the drawing, he heard a loud crack behind him. The teen turned around to find the dragon holding a good-sized sapling, then the dragon began spinning, he almost nailed the teen in the head. Eventually the dragon dropped the stick and looked at the lines he drew obviously pleased.

Hiccup stood and turned slowly, taking in the picture piece by piece. On accident, he stepped on one of the lines. The dragon growled which startled Hiccup. The teen glanced at his feet and got an idea. He raised his foot and the growling stopped, he set it back down and the growling started again. He tested this a few times until the dragon got into a fighting stance and snarled. The teen stepped over the line and spun a little faster. Suddenly he felt the dragon behind him. He turned around slowly and looked at the dragon. He raised his hand, but the dragon snarled at him. Hiccup turned his head to look at the ground, shutting his eyes tightly and waited. After what seemed like forever, he felt a rough dry weight press against his hand.

Hiccup looked up at the dragon, terrified and also thrilled. Connor



being the sensible person he was, had recorded the entire thing on his cell phone.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Here is some answers; how would you like if a two ton dragon come at you at about thirty miles an hour? Not all the training in the world can help you if you get crushed by a Gronkle.<strong>

End  
file.